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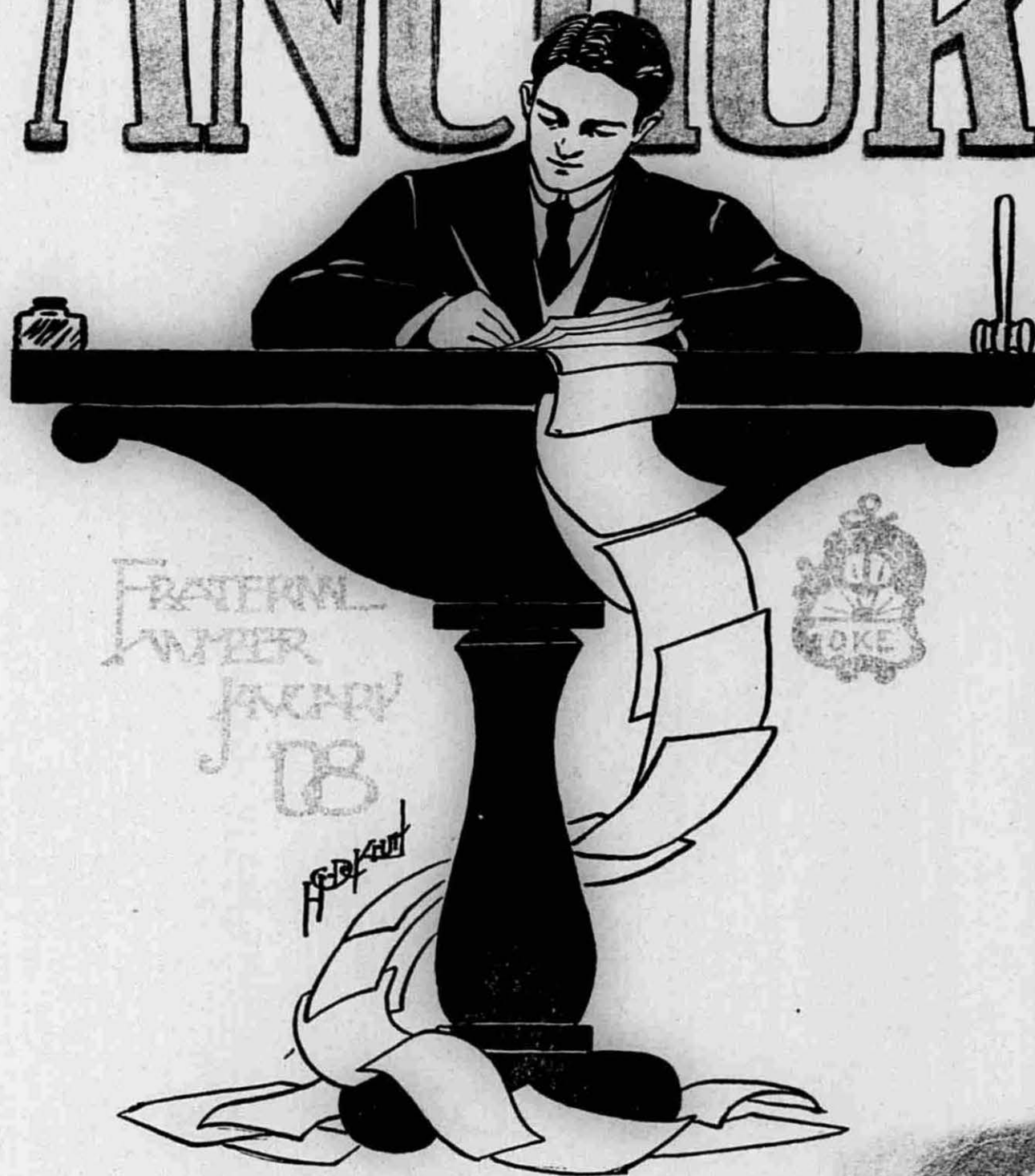
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The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XXI

JANUARY, 1908

NUMBER 4

MEDITATION.

A song you ask, a frolic, gaysome song,
That, like a sunbeam breaking through the clouds
Of Lenten-tide, the slum'bring world unshrouds
And gaily ushers in Spring's happy throng?

But Nature sleeps, ice girth on sea and shore,
And rude Boreas' breath chilled even the voice
That taught our ill-tuned hearts sing and rejoice;
Cruel winter does not woo sweet summer's lore.

Yet, youth is not a sorrow-bitten boon:
Unsullied is life's morn; its sparkling dew
Kisses each hope, that faded, buds anew,
Its tears are like a golden rain that falls at noon.

To us life is but joy; why speak of pain,
While all is radiant with the fire of youth?
We think not of tomorrow. Why? Forsooth,
The gladsome day that died will come again.

And yet, sometimes dark, flitting shadows creep
Slowly our pathway o'er; we lift our eyes
And see life's sky o'ercast, dark clouds arise,
While in their curtained tents the storm winds sleep.

And when our brightest hopes turn into gloom,
Like twilight draws from sight the purple hills,

A faltering whisper through heart's desert thrills:
 "No olive-leaf of hope your dove brought home."

O Fear! thou art no fluttering, fleeing shade!
 Our gayest laugh conceals a mournful strain;
 A lover's touch is but a harbinger of pain;
 Man walks through life, but linked to changeless Fate!

But though our life be but an unborn dream,
 Let us not break its charm, lest when we ope
 Our sleep-steeped eyes, beyond the mortal scope,
 We see with fear and fright our future teem.

Swift cycling seasons, roll! bring weal or woe!
 Strange Destiny, no mortal hand can stay
 Bring joy or pain, peace or the battle's fray:
 Our hearts are cased in faith to meet each foe.

Then let us hope and let us wait; tho rime
 And hoary frost sit glittering on the slopes;
 Within our souls are blossoming better hopes.
 Flowers of God's garden, children of a sunnier clime.

—FRATER, '10.

A RAILROAD TRAGEDY.

Tourists on the Nevada & Northwestern railroad are often attracted by a peculiar marble slab in the cemetery near Harrison City. Many, when waiting between trains, will spend the time by making a little pilgrimage to this place and read the simple inscription, "To the memory of Harry Austin this simple stone was erected by his fellow-workmen." Many have read those words time and again without knowing the story connected with them or guessing at the little tragedy they indicate.

Twenty-five years ago Harrison City was but little more than a hamlet situated in the center of quite an extensive mining region. It lay beautifully located at the foot of one of those slowly rising mountains of the Sierra range. The homes were small, the business places of the average country type, in fact the appearance of the whole burg was typically western. However, the comparative quiet was broken by the

busy activities about the switching yards of the railroad company. Harrison City was the center of many short spurs running to neighboring mining districts, consequently the puffing of engines, the whizzing of steam, the screeching of whistles, and the jolting, jamming and groaning of cars continued in never-ceasing strain.

This small town, I am told, was the scene of one of those many tragedies that occur in railroad life.

The relations existing between company and employees had for years been most amicable. The strike contagion had not as yet reached this company of simple and industrious laborers. However, shortly before the tragic night of July 8th a new engineer from one of the eastern cities entered into the company's employ. He was a man seemingly important and ambitious for leadership. He had more than once been instrumental in bringing about a strike and he was anxious to do the same thing here. He soon observed the simplicity of his fellow-laborers and flattered himself on having good material to work on. Nor was it long before he had quite a few wrought up on the subject and in a short time the contagion had reached nearly every employee. A secret organization was affected with Sam Brooks as president.

There was one young engineer whom as yet no one had interviewed. He was the most trusted, though perhaps the youngest, in the company's employ. His modest, winning ways and extreme skill had won him the respect of everyone. His engine was always the cleanest and most reliable. Harry Austin took pride in what he then thought the best engine out.

As no one seemed anxious to speak to young Austin about the matter, Sam Brooks, the president of the union, was instructed to do so. The evening before the strike, as Austin pulled into the round house, a seemingly friendly voice addressed him with an "Hello, pal." Hardly had Harry come down from the cab when Brooks was at his side.

"Made good time today, eh?"

"Oh, it's not a record breaker," was the modest reply.

"'Spouse branch trains were all on tap?" said Sam.

"Oh, no trouble on that score," remarked Harry.

With this Sam started his story. "You see, Austin, fellers in other cities are getting more pay and working shorter hours than we. So some of us have gotten together and peti-

tioned for better pay. We've been refused flat and now we're going to strike. We'd like to have you join us; you know, we can make it uneasy for you if you don't."

Harry seemed little affected. "I'll see," he answered, and with this took his pail and left the yards. He pondered over the question as he went home and the more he thought about it the more dejected he became.

After supper he went to a small home lying a short distance in the country. It was a pretty little cottage secluded by a clump of large elms, which partially overshadowed it. One end of it was completely overrun by a wild vine of profuse foliage. The whole presented a scene of rural simplicity. As Harry walked up the gravel walk he heard a clear, sweet voice singing within. Neither voice nor the air were unfamiliar to him, but somehow they had never affected him that way before. Laura and he had arranged for a walk that night and soon they were following the oft-trodden lane along the winding river's edge. It was a beautiful, clear evening. The soft moon shone brightly. But for the dull puffing and whistle blasts heard in the distance, all was quiet. The gentle murmur of the river, the soft rustle of the leaves seemed quite in harmony with Harry's dejected mood. Laura noticed that there was something wrong with him. Only now and then a forced smile crept over his face and his words came slowly. They walked along in almost unbroken silence, till at length Laura asked:

"What is the matter with you; are you not well?"

"I'm well, but I am in trouble," answered Harry.

"I'm not the cause of it, am I?" said Laura softly.

"No, you're not," said Harry, "but you may be able to help me. This is the story: Things down at the yards have run smoothly as long as I can remember. Company and employees were on most friendly terms. But some time ago the company employed another fellow from a city out east to take the place of Mr. Elrich who, you know, has resigned. I did not like the looks of the fellow from the start, and his mischief is now evident. He has been silently working up his fellow-workers to the idea of a strike. He has won their confidence and has effected an organization with himself as president. This evening, just as I was about to go home, he told me the situation and added that if I did not join them they

would make it uneasy for me. What shall I do?"

For a moment Laura was silent. Then, resting lightly on his arm, she began: "Harry, I know so little about matters of this kind that it is hard for me to tell you what you should do. But it seems to me that if the company has always treated you right, it is no more than just that you should remain with them."

"And do it I shall," replied Harry.

His heart felt considerably lightened and he now talked in a lighter strain and seemed more like his former self.

As Harry was looking over his engine the next morning, Sam came up and in a friendly way asked him: "Well, Austin, what do you say to it?"

"Sam," said Harry, "the company has never gone back on me and I'll not go back on her."

"Blast your goody-goody," was Sam's gruff answer, and with that he left. Harry made no reply, but finished his usual tasks and at the regular time pulled out of the round house for another day's run.

The moment he entered the round house that evening he saw that something was wrong, for all was quiet. As he neared the station on his way home he found the whole platform crowded. He well knew who were there, and why. Their conduct was strange. Many seemed to have been drawn into this action and were now endeavoring to show their pretended loyalty to the few loud enthusiasts. A dull murmur rose from the group when they recognized Austin. Harry had no more than passed them when the station agent ran outside with a look of great distress.

"Men," said he, "a head-on collision is inevitable. Kingston just telegraphed, 'Order 76 to wait for northbound freight at middle switch.' 76 has been gone three minutes; a wreck is certain."

"Men," shouted Harry, "who'll go with me in pursuit?"

They turned a nonchalant look upon him. Harry did not stop, but ran as fast as he could for the roundhouse. He hurriedly poked up the fire of his own engine, added a few shovels of coal, backed the coaches on the siding, then uncoupled, threw open the switch to the main track, swung open the throttle, and in a moment was thundering down the track, passing the strikers, who stood dumbfounded. He was fire-

man, brakeman, engineer, all in one, and in a masterful way he rose to the situation. Every fibre in his body tingled and his heart beat fast. Only 25 miles to Kingston; the freight makes slow time, but 76 is a flyer and has a four-minute start. Thus he reasoned with himself. The picture of a terrible wreck and the sight of mangled bodies was constantly before him. On, on, he sped on his mission to save. Every inch of the road was familiar and he felt by the jolting of his engine that he was nearing Middle switch. Now he was flying past it. His heart almost sank within him. He knew that at the most there could be but three miles between the fated trains. But, ah! far ahead he saw a faint red light. It made every nerve tremble. His engine seemed to him to be alive to the occasion, and he kept urging it, "faster, yet a little faster." Gradually the light became brighter. Instantly he sounded four long blasts and forthwith flung his head from the cab window if perchance above the thundering of his engine he might hear the return signal. He waited a moment, then again sounded four long blasts. Now his keen ear heard the answer. He was almost overcome with joy and before he knew it he was fast approaching 76, whose engineer was making every effort to bring his train to a standstill. Realizing the danger, with a single move he shut off the steam and applied the brakes. The tremendous speed was too great a strain for the brakes and one of the attachments broke and lodged between the connecting bar and driver, breaking the bar right at its connection.

As often happens, heroic deeds are sometimes strangely rewarded. The bar, with one end still attached to one of the drivers, and the other free to slash the air, dealt one death blow, for before the engineer could get out of the way the huge missile wheeled completely around, and with a tremendous crash struck the engine cab, instantly killing Harry.

The passenger train had hardly come to a standstill before the head light of the north bound freight appeared. The danger was realized at once and without a moment's delay the fireman seized a lantern and ran down the track as fast as he could, signaling as he went. The freight stopped only a few yards from the passenger.

The engineers of the two trains were the first to hurry past the passengers to thank their deliverer. But there was no

one to greet them. They mounted the cab and by the pale, flickering light of their lantern they saw the lifeless body of their comrade. The sad news flashed in a moment and soon loving hands bore the lifeless form to the baggage car. Mothers and children were sobbing bitterly and the hardest faces were wet with tears.

The strikers, being anxious about the result of the reckless chase, as they called it, had not yet dispersed when the train which bore the body of Harry Austin reached Harrison City. The sight of the bruised body of their fellow-laborer had a demoralizing effect upon them. The tears of mothers and children brought their better natures to the fore and even Sam Brooks was among the first to offer assistance. No effort was spared to show honor to the dead or sympathy to the bereaved, and that week witnessed the saddest funeral that had ever been held in that little town.

The strike was forgotten and things went on as they had done before. The busy activities soon made the workmen forget the tragic death of their comrade. The aged parents, who had long since learned the goodness of God, rested in His doings, and their resignation mitigated their sorrow. But there was one sad heart whose grief could not be so soon forgotten. For a long time Laura shunned amusement and association with other girls. Many an evening she might have been seen sitting under one of those wide spread elms quietly musing or singing some plaintive ditty. Often she was seen rambling along the old walk or sitting at the river's brink where she and Harry had spent so many happy hours. And when the bright moon slowly rose over the mountain it would find its soft beams reflected from a small golden bar which hung from a golden chain about her neck. Many times in the gathering twilight Laura in her loneliness would hold the little charm in her hands and read, "Lovingly dedicated to the memory of Harry Austin by those whose lives he saved with his death."

FRATER, '09.

LAFAYETTE.

Man, by nature, looks out for his own interests first. We are all inclined to be selfish, especially in regard to our own personal welfare. When a question arises in which we

are only partly involved, we uphold the side which is most beneficial to ourselves. If we do not, it is because some other emotion overcomes that almost universal inheritance of the human race, viz., love for self. When the American colonies revolted against England, it was but natural for the people of Europe to place all their sympathies with the colonists. They realized how precious liberty was to an oppressed people. The European governments, on the other hand, sided with Great Britain. They, too, had colonies, and the success of an American revolution would be an encouragement for their own subjects to rebel. But there was one, a Frenchman, who, on account of his high birth and social rank, would ordinarily be supposed as agreeing in sentiments with Great Britain. But this was not so. His love for the cause of liberty quite overcame any ambition he might have had for his personal advancement. LaFayette gave the best he had for the cause of American liberty.

In considering what LaFayette did for America, let us first review what his social environment in France was. Let us first survey the high position which he had to abandon to come to our country. He was the descendant of an ancient and noble family. His father had been a distinguished soldier and fell in battle at the early age of twenty-five. Soon after, his mother died, leaving him an orphan and the heir to a very large fortune. Perhaps it was his wealth as much as his high birth that made him a great favorite, even as a young boy, in the French court. At the early age of sixteen, he married a rich young woman of almost royal lineage. And now to the assets of happiness which he had in his great wealth and social standing was added the undying love of an amiable and virtuous wife. Ordinarily such surroundings would have led to a life of indulgence in pleasure to the exclusion of any useful work. Simple, straight living, in the midst of these luxuries, might have made LaFayette a great man. But Providence had even a nobler career in store for him than upright living amidst the contamination of court life. He was to be a great champion of Liberty.

One day when his relative was entertaining the brother of the British king, word was received that the American colonies had issued their Declaration of Independence. Immediately LaFayette took a deep interest in their cause, and before night

had determined to give all he had for their success. He would sacrifice his money, happiness, life, all; all for a cause which in no way concerned his interests; for a cause against which, considering he belonged to the nobility, we would expect him to be heartily opposed.

Nor was his tempting environment the only obstacle in his way. Everybody discouraged his resolution. All his friends and loved ones begged him to abandon it. And, when all entreaties had failed and his purpose had remained unaltered, the French government ordered his arrest. But he eluded them by having his ships removed to Spain. Here he was arrested, but, in disguise, made his escape and, before he could be recaptured, he was sailing the Atlantic ocean. On his own resources, without pay or promise of pay, or reward of any kind, with a deaf ear to the entreaties of his wife and dear ones, in disobedience to the law of his country, and for an apparently hopeless cause, this boy, only nineteen years old, left his happy home to sacrifice everything for the hardships in a foreign and strange country. He did it all for the love of freedom, all for the love of, and devotion to the principle of human rights as expounded in the Declaration of Independence.

Now behold him on the American shore, a stranger. He had recommendations from Silas Deane, the American agent in France, for a position of Major General in the American army. But many such recommendations came to Congress, and many Americans had earned the position through service. All could not be accommodated. When this was explained to him, LaFayette understood and did not, as some of his countrymen, return home disappointed. He addressed a note to the president of Congress, expressing his desire to join the American army upon two conditions; first, that he receive no pay; second, that he serve as a volunteer. Was self-denial ever greater?

His first battle was that of Brandywine, where by the side of Washington he distinguished himself by his valor. He was wounded in the leg while attacking and defeating a body of Hessians with a small reconnoitering party. Upon the recommendation of Washington, he was promoted to the position of Major General. Throughout the course of his service in the American army, he displayed the caution of a veteran.

He was always quick and bold to act, rapid in pursuit, and brave even to rashness. He was successful in his devices, often exposed but never surprised. He acquitted himself with honor, and, in all his services, he gave our country the best that prudence, quickness and bravery could give.

It would be saying too much for any man to assert that his services, as such, excelled those of the Americans themselves. That could not be. But let us compare the motives which induced LaFayette to struggle in our cause with those which induced his fellow-soldiers to struggle. They were defending their children, their wives, their homes, their liberty, their country, their all. But LaFayette abandoned all these, that he might fight and, if need be, die for a people whom he owed nothing. They fought for their personal interests; he threw his personal interests to the winds, for the opportunity of sharing the trials of a people suffering in the most critical period of their existence in a foreign land. Can such services ever be forgotten?

Such was the tribute LaFayette paid to America and her spirit of Freedom. Such the sacrifices he made to champion the cause of Liberty. Yet he did it with no hope whatsoever of reward. "The more desperate the cause," said he, "the greater need has it of my services; and if Mr. Deane has no vessel for my passage, I shall purchase one myself, and will traverse the ocean with a selected company of my own." With this spirit, he came to our aid. What wonder that our fathers, his fellow-soldiers, honored and loved him? He deserved all the fame and honor and love that oppressed mankind ever bestowed upon their benefactor. Let us ever cherish in our hearts a warm spot for the memory of one who extinguished the smallest spark of personal ambition he may have had with an indomitable devotion to the spirit of Freedom, the Marquis de LaFayette.

FRATER, '09.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

One often thinks that there are no happier days than those of childhood. Those, if any, were happy days. He had cares, no doubt, but he could not fully realize them; he had joys whose brightness lightened the dark days. In after years

when reflecting upon the bygone days of childhood, there come to his mind the lines:

"I remember, I remember,

The house where I was born,"

and suddenly there rush through his mind the many incidents of his childhood.

He remembers the lazy summer's day when lying under the old apple tree by the railroad, he looked up through the branches and watched the clouds leisurely floating through the sky. His fancy begins to play and he sees almost everything imaginable. Now two horses with flying manes chase each other through the sky; again he sees some strange animal of which he has read in his story books. Again he stands and gazes toward the western horizon and wonders how far away the spot is where earth and sky meet. All along the horizon is a continual stretch of forest. In the woods near the river the famous Bluebeard has his castle. Toward the south are the woods made famous by the story of "The Babes in the Wood." His heart goes out to them in sympathy, for he fears lest the Indians or wild animals may destroy them.

He remembers the dark kitchen and the woodshed. When darkness had fallen, boy though he was, he would rather go without a meal than enter there alone. He believed some robber lurked in some corner, who was ready to pounce upon him. But when put to shame by his father and brother he "screwed his courage to the sticking point" and entered, cold and numb with fear and trembling. What a relief when he could get back into the light.

His curiosity for things unknown was by no means small, he hesitated not to take apart his dolls and playthings to see what was inside. One day he received a tin horse and cart. Much as he thought of this horse, his curiosity got the better of him. Getting his hammer and an old screw driver he betook himself to the back of the house, where no one might interrupt him. Here he proceeded to dissect his subject. Imagine his disappointment to find nothing inside. This, however, was speedily driven away by an angry parent who appeared upon the scene and who with great zeal wielded a plaster lath.

But not alone in his playthings did he imagine there was life, also things outside of this realm. He can still see himself standing on the much-worn path leading to the railroad. He

was watching an engine slowly move along the track. How lonely it seemed. Could it be sick? No doubt it was, for it moved so slowly and the drive-shaft came so near touching the ground, and the whistle had such a mournful sound. Poor thing! How he sympathized with it. He turned away sad at heart and wondering what could ail it.

Disappointments were numerous and he was constantly trying to solve some puzzle which presented itself. He had long been pondering about the sun and moon. He satisfied his little mind that the sun was a large ball of fire, but the moon remained a puzzle. No doubt the reason for this was that the sun gave heat, whereas the moon did not. One day he was made exceedingly happy and he came home from school with a jubilant heart. He told his mother what he had learned, that the moon was made of ice and received its light from the sun. But his joy was soon changed to sadness, for his parent told him that God had made them both lights, one to give light by day, the other by night. Another disappointment was his.

However, if he could not solve the many puzzles which he found he could imitate. This often made him very happy. A small show once came to town. One of the men in demonstrating the quality of a soap which he advertised covered his hands with a heavy lather. He rubbed his hands together until the lather had disappeared, going into the pores, as he said. Upon moistening his hands and rubbing them the lather again appeared, bringing with it the dirt which had entered the pores. At the first opportunity he remembers trying the experiment, and to his great joy he succeeded. With what pride he demonstrated to his fellow-playmates. On another occasion he, with his playmates, saw a man have a stone broken upon his chest. Soon he and the others were trying this performance.

But the rays of sunshine which brightened his childhood were but few. One thing which constantly worried his little mind was the thought of hereafter. He had been told of heaven and hell. Good people went to heaven, bad to hell. But not always did the good man enter heaven. One could not be sure where he would go when he died. One thing he knew, and that right well, he did not want to go to hell. How to arrange this was a puzzle to him. One day the solution

came, due no doubt to an accident on the railroad. He wished that a train might run over him and cut him into little pieces and scatter them far and wide. If this should happen they could not get him together and hence could not send him to either place. So much did he ponder on this matter that he was often tempted to throw himself before the "flyer" which would surely scatter him far enough apart. What an awful thought for a child, due no doubt to the well-meant but ignorant teachings of kind parents.

As he remembers the events of his childhood days and sees the many disappointments with which he met, might he not begin to doubt whether childhood is the happiest period of life? Should it not rather be said that it is a wonder that a child is as happy and joyful as he is?

FRATER, '08.

THE FRATERNAL ARCHIVES.

Among the choicest possessions of the Fraternal Society are the Archives, composed of a collection of original poems, stories, humorous productions, essays and orations presented by members of the society. These have been carefully tabulated and arranged, and have each year been placed in the hands of a fellow-member who becomes personally responsible for their safe preservation.

The foregoing statement might very naturally raise the question, "Why so much trouble over these old time manuscripts?" or "Why not consign them to oblivion?" A brief consideration, however, will be all that is necessary to establish the value of these papers.

Every literary society should have for one of its endeavors the development of a passion for the best in literature—a lasting and increasing desire. The society should strive to create the determination for producing something that will be regarded as enduring. The Archives have always proved a wholesome stimulant for the attaining of this one of our ideals, high literary merit.

Now, we do not mean to assert that any of the productions found in the Archives must be considered classic. To say this would be unwise. But what we do affirm is that nothing but the very best productions delivered before the

society are placed in the Archives. The carelessly written essay and oration have no place there. It is the painstaking, the stirring, the enduring. There must be the evidences of fruitful toil. The earnest desire of each member of the society to have some one of his productions placed in the Archives and a standard so high cannot but prove a strong incentive for good work.

Of however great practical value this may be, it is not the only benefit derived, nor is it the greatest. The Archives and the associations which cluster around them arouse intense enthusiasm and loyalty. They are not the heaps of dead men's bones, but breathe an atmosphere which at once commands respect and love. They are alive and tell of the glorious achievements of over three score years and ten, through the records of those who became eminent pulpit orators, distinguished lawyers, and prominent business men. We see them while convulsing the society with laughter; while flooring each other in debates; while burning with fiery eloquence. Our spirits are aroused; our effort is renewed.

Time itself has proved the value of the Archives. Could anything be carefully guarded and kept for over seventy years unless some one saw something good in it? Former members have left the classic halls; some of them have finished their earthly pilgrimage, others are still "battling with the elements," while the record of their college days still remains preserved, full of absorbing interest for those who are filling their places. Who shall not say that the Archives have proved their metal by the test of time? It can be denied by none.

The value of the papers, which has just been pointed out, is not on the decline, but on the increase. The appreciation of them has never been greater than now. The years have not dimmed their lustre but added to their glory. The Fraternal Society is prouder than ever of these possessions. With each succeeding year it is the ardent desire of every Fraternalite that the Fraternal Archives shall long fulfill their mission among the sons of "Old Hope."

FRATER, '09.

"A TRUE STORY."

Very little satisfaction can be gotten from trying to be funny. I found that out long ago. Every one knows how cheap one feels when, after having cracked what one thought was a huge joke, no one laughs or even grins. Profiting from such experiences, I have given up all foolishness, and this tale, instead of containing any nonsense, will present before you only the true facts of what I am about to narrate.

The scene of my story is laid on the upper crust of the earth, more specifically in the village of N. The bells were ringing throughout the burg, not to herald a new year nor to announce that it was six o'clock, but for the simple reason that there was going to be a wedding.

In some manner or other I had secured an invitation, and on the evening of the wedding set out from home on foot for my destination, which was, as you may already have deducted from my former statements, the scene of the wedding.

About half way (the entire distance, I might mention at this juncture, was ten miles) I happened to catch a ride with a farmer, or rustic, as some might call such a personage.

I began to talk to His Majesty about the solemnity of the marriage ceremony or the act of conducting a bride to the altar of Hymen, but he didn't seem to catch the drift of my statements. Seeing the futility of my attempt, I turned the conversation to sugar beets and pickles. On this subject we talked until I was sick of it. For the purpose of changing the theme I fished out my brand new fountain pen, which I had received as a birthday present on my birthday. Much to his astonishment I scribbled down some words without dipping the pen into an ink bottle. For a while he sat thunder-struck, but the power of speech at last returned and he asked in a whisper: "Will it write Dutch, too?"

I answered, "Yes, any language," and wrote some Dutch.

His amazement increased to such an extent that he offered me five dollars for the pen, which I had to refuse because it was a birthday present presented to me on my birthday.

At last we had arrived at the scene of operations. A strapping young fellow unharnessed the horses and told us to walk right in and make ourselves to home. We took chairs in the kitchen, where already many men and women

had assembled, and immediately joined in the dispute as to which creamery paid out the most for milk. After a short time, or a short time after, I am not positively positive which of the two it was, the bride-elect passed around the cigars.

The smoke at last became so thick that I went into the dining room for fresh air. Here a number of women were cackling like so many geese to the accompaniment of the bawling of babies scattered promiscuously upon the floor.

The women were engaged in more uplifting conversation than the men, namely, on the question of whether or not the law which compels children to go to school until they have attained the age of 16, is a good one. After listening quite a while to their philosophical discourses, I proceeded into the parlor, where sat the minister and the parents of the bride, bridegroom, and best man, respectively. The minister was discoursing on what wicked people the Methodists are.

After a short period of inattentiveness I was shown into the woodshed, where the presents for the bride and bridegroom were collected. The only two I could find were a pitchfork for the bridegroom and a rolling pin for the bride. Having been convinced that they were well prepared for future family fights, I expressed a desire of seeing what we were going to get to eat, and was told to go to the cellar. I fell down a stairway into the above mentioned place. On the shelf on the west side I found some bologna sandwiches, doughnuts (minus the holes), the left side of a huge porker, and a wedding cake, which was nothing more than a huge pancake, with some red sugar sprinkled over the top of it to make it more pleasing to the eye.

I know the rest of the story, but I cannot narrate it. So I must leave the reader with his imagination, and when done thinking, let him read again.

About eleven o'clock a relative of the bride asked me to accompany him to the station five miles off, as he wished to catch the midnight train. I didn't drive very fast and my companion made no mention of getting late. When we were about 200 yards from the depot, we saw the train already pulling out. I gave the horses a vicious cut, which started them into a sudden gallop, but it seemed in vain. In his excitement my companion arose from his seat and shouted: "Wait a minute; wait a minute; stop the train!" But the

train turned a deaf ear to his cries and he had to wait seven hours for the next. I drove back to the scene of the wedding, but found the place entirely deserted. As I looked upon the deserted buildings about me, those oft-quoted lines of the "Deserted Village" came to me, which just now have escaped my memory. I tied my horses to a fence and plodded home my weary way under the light of the star-dogged moon, like the wedding guest in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," a sadder and a wiser man.

FRATER, '11.



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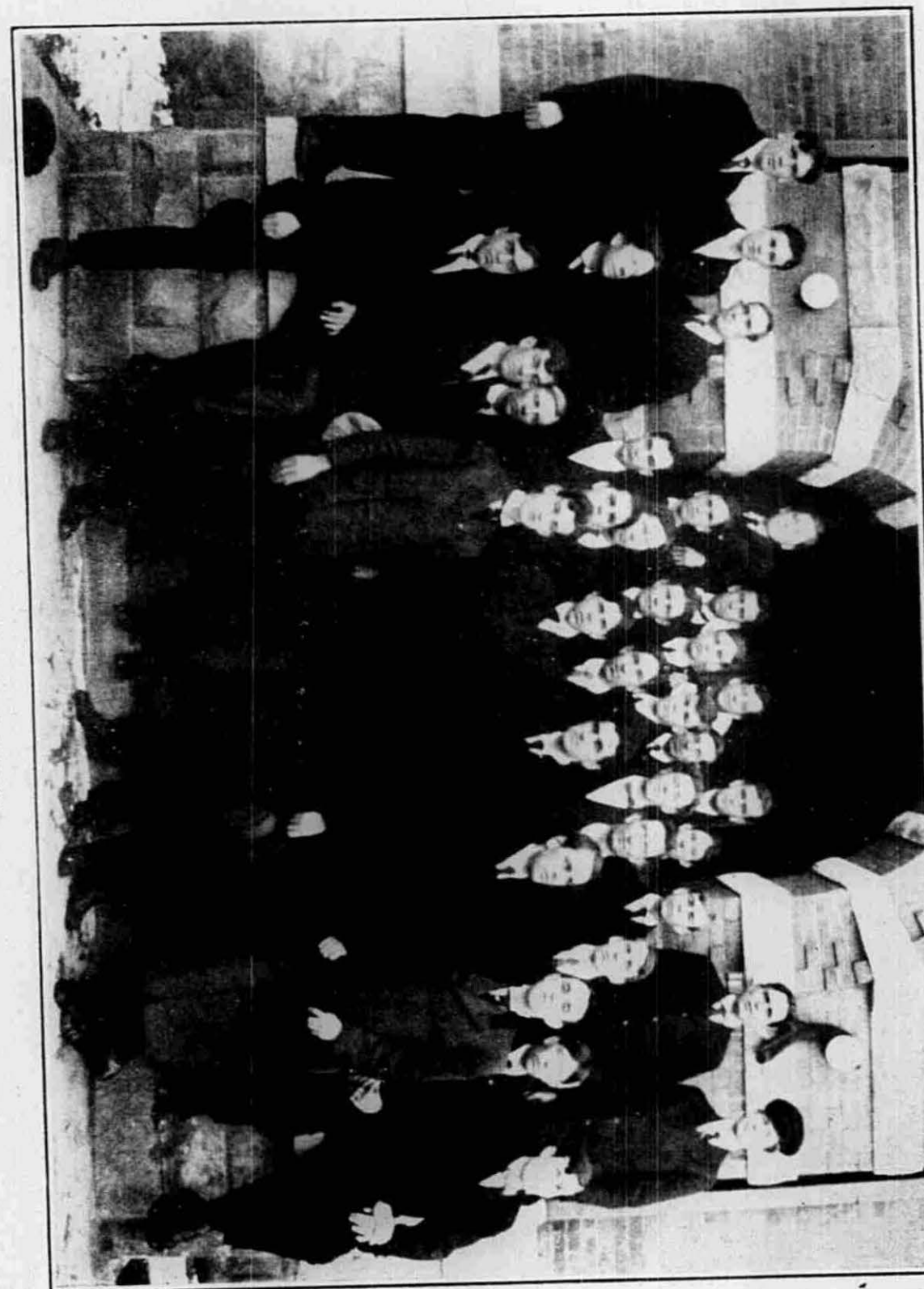
EDITORIALS.

A happy and prosperous New Year is the wish of the Anchor to all its subscribers.

"Good cheer, God's cheer" is the open sesame that comes from the editor's heart. May our worthy readers accept it in good spirit and "pass it along" to their friends.

A new year and a new temporary staff! But, why temporary? As the readers already know, the college societies have agreed to alleviate the burden otherwise thrust upon the permanent staff and take upon themselves respectively the responsibility of editing a number. The Cosmopolitans have had their opportunity (and we indeed congratulate them) but now "it is up to us," as the Fraternal Society, to make our debut. Our purpose in editing this number may be summed up thus: To afford a stimulus for better work among the individual members, to make our readers better acquainted with our society, and to publish an issue of which the college may be proud. Whether the purpose has been fulfilled is not for us to judge. Let us therefore introduce you to the Fraternal Number of the Anchor.

The month of good resolutions is now but half gone and perhaps most of our noble resolves have already been forgotten. Nevertheless as January 1st comes around each year, we all love to gaze hopefully into the year that is coming and to plan that by our renewed efforts things will be different this year. In the main our gaze is towards the future, and



FRATERNAL SOCIETY

at what we trust it will bring forth for us. This is the time when we are all inclined to be a little visionary. You remember, however, that old Januarius, the two-faced God of the year, looked in two directions. He had one face always turned towards the past. It is in this spirit of the two-faced God only, with one eye upon the days that are gone, that we can best measure our progress in the present and indulge in our hopes for the future. A glance at how our college has progressed in the past few years ought to aid us in enjoying its benefits during this new year. In buildings and equipment, Hope enters the year 1908 brim full of all that is best for her students. The rapid strides of recent years have made our scientific department equal to that of her sister colleges of the same class. We are far removed from the days when Dr. Kollen taught astronomy, with the stove and the furniture of the classroom representing the solar system, and when one small room in the basement of Van Vleck held both physical and chemical laboratories. A thought of how far we have come all along the line may help us to appreciate what our college offers us in equipment. Like old Januarius again we may also indulge in a forward look and then ask ourselves if the added advantages which we enjoy ought not to tell in our work.

March will bring with her what we have long been waiting for—the State Oratorical Contest, held at Hope. We shall greet it as an occasion to show all that is noble and true in college spirit. It will be an opportunity for us to repay to our guests—the delegates with their representative orators—that same hospitality and generosity that Hope has always experienced at their hands. We welcome them to a fair contest in a fine auditorium; to a wholesome rivalry in an appreciative environment. Our confidence, though in evidence, is based upon nothing but hope. Much depends upon the local contest. But victory will be neither an unlooked for nor a new occurrence, for we know the quality of our men and we have tasted of victory before. But be it victory or defeat, in victory we shall show no overbearing sentiment, in defeat a most magnanimous spirit.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Dear Dick:

Alack-a-day, old man! You've asked me to "write about the societies." (Here a wandering peddler interrupts me and asks, "Want any notions today?" Yes, I need shoe strings, and mother wants ironing wax). Did you ever try to eat hickory nuts (i. e. meats)? Did you enjoy it? Maybe, but on this basis, that effort and appreciation are proportional, not because of the abundance of "colonel." After all, eating hickory nuts is the same old story over and over again—a prodigious amount of effort to coax the shell apart, an equal expenditure of exertion with the nut-pick, and returns, in the shape of nut meats, so few and far between that, unlike crack-crjack, one taste does not provoke another. You can't remember the flavor long enough.

"Writing up" societies wonderfully reminds me of gastronomy a la hickory nut. It's so hard to get at the meat, so difficult to obtain facts, and it's the same thing over and over again. I have read the "Society News" in some thirty or thirty-five editions of the Anchor, and one may safely sum it up in such expressions as these: "New zeal for another year's work," "Year of unparalleled success," "Untiring zeal and earnestness." It's monotonous and seems to be what it isn't.

"Facts," and "so difficult to obtain" them? Well—yes. I tried it one day and here's what I got.

Dramatis personae—two co-eds, one acted as spokesman, the other interpolated remarks.

"We are decorating our hall. We've got a rug. (That's right). We are trying to get lace curtains. (Yah!) Our piano is in our hall. (Goody!) We've got a new hall and it's a dandy. Now is there anything else I can tell you?" How was I to know? Hungrily I gazed at them for a moment, and then, like one of those who "shall inherit the earth," I walked away.

On that day did I approach two of another society and from them I elicited the names of three officers. Curtain!!!

Hereupon you say: "Why did you not see the presidents and secretaries of the different sodalities and sisterhoods or visit them yourself?" You forget the "thirty or thirty-five editions of the Anchor," and as to visiting—well—for obvious

reasons I am embarrassed by your suggestion. Again, I cannot form a correct estimate of any society in a single visit. One meeting is not a criterion of the rest, and I did not feel justified in spending all of my time and effort away from my own society for the sake of a single letter.

"Then," you reply, "you cannot find fault with the society editor, for he, too, is likewise handicapped." Recte dicis frater." Just as soon would I harangue Prometheus because he rose not and smote the vulture, or Tantalus, who ate not nor drank.

To me an ideal and effective society editor is one who is not a member of any literary organization, or if he is, who absents himself during his incumbency and spends that time a-visiting the societies under his care. (Supply feminine pronouns where needed). Ample provision could be made relative to term of office, method of election, etc., etc. We do not place a novice in the Athletic Editor's chair, nor are exchanges printed on mere hearsay. Why should the S. E. be "handicapped"? Let him go, listen, tell. Then, methinks, Society News would merit the attention due such information and reflect greater credit upon organizations whose influences are nothing short of paramount.

What a flood of quips, bon mots, jokes, great and small, he could turn toward the "Local" columns, how he could gladden the heart of the editor-in-chief and bring honor to the Society by calling attention to worthy productions rendered and then hidden like the pearl in the shell of a silent archive.

Do men in the public eye disregard public opinion, do they when writing for publication pen their words faultily or aimlessly? If not then another source of benefit has been corroborated—there would be added incentive to "untiring zeal and earnestness."

Those are two good words, twins, with just a shade of difference, used for emphasis. It's a consistent use. Mayhap you scent an ugly implication, a hint that the "gemini" are not cuddled and kissed, wrapped snugly in flannels and furs by their fond sponsors. Well, they won't be spoiled "grown ups." They may catch cold during intermissions. Do you think, brother, that any one of the eight bands of studiosi litterarum can present a "Z and E" record worthy its name? I fear not. Has the "fine for neglect of duty" system atrophied for want

of exercise? I continually hear murmurs from its corner. Has Friday afternoon ceased to be the "eleventh hour" for zealous and earnest orators, debaters, poets and essayists? Not if I can see the face of the clock. Does a pure literary atmosphere pervade each hall, inspire each member, cast its spell over all, rejuvenate the wearied mind and bring again the rosy tinge of healthy literary life! Please lower the window from the top, "Dick."

Oh, yes! I forgot, Richard, that you wanted to know about "Societies" and here I've been acting after the fashion of those of the cloth but not to the manner born. I slipped the text. We are all here—eight of us, six boys and two girls, you know our names—and Mater has quite a time when we get together. She objects to the after ten o'clock party, and really wanted brother Fraternal to send home his friends one night minus refreshments because the hour was late—10:15. We are happy, anyway, and try to sing dull care away, much to the latter's dismay. The boys "act up" something awfui when the piano strikes up a tune or when one of the six starts a song.

Brother Cosmos and our two sisters are in high spirits because of their rooms. Why shouldn't they be? I wrote you, didn't I, that the Mater gave sisters a new room apiece? Brother F—— still has his piano and the other day invested in some new song books. He gave a little party ("an' they was company") and had a great time. It's fun to see the "affinities" meet and also some that

"Seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied."

Ulfilas and Van Raalte are rather quiet. They always were, but it isn't the solitude of the tomb that characterizes them. Dutch has taken quite a hold upon them and you would laugh at times to hear them, especially "Van," try to make a speech. Brother "Mel" is as lively as ever. He and F—— try to out-sing each other, and while it is good lung exercise, it is poor vocal training and bad for the ears. "Mel" has more companions than F—— or C——; he isn't as exclusive as his big brothers. Well, there's a good reason for the difference. Brother Philogothian—"Phil" for short, oh, these classic mothers!—the baby is growing. His appetite is good, just think! he had a party of his own, and talk! why he just loves

it. He got a new pin the other day, a pretty black and red "co-ed eye-catcher" with Greek letters on it. His taste, you see, is classic, like the Mater's, but "Pa" says that it reminds him of Greek letter fraternities. "Pa" always says such funny things.

Now are you satisfied? I am sorry if you are not, for I am going to stop right here. "JIM."

Holland, Mich., Jan. 18, 1908.

P. S.—Keep this Q. T.

P. S.—A nut has an indehiscent shell. That means, "remaining closed at maturity."

P. S.—The heading, "Society News," might be set aside for "Repetend," "that part of a circulating decimal which recurs continually."

ATHLETICS.

"And what are you doing along the line of athletics?" What Hope College student has not been asked this question during the vacation? Friends, parents, brothers and sisters, our alumni, students of other institutions: all are interested in this important phase of college life. And how have we answered their inquiry? No doubt, most of us have praised the football squad for its brilliant work under unfavorable conditions. We confidently expect a better record next year. Prospects are brighter than they have been for years. And basket ball? Some are a trifle uncertain. The five showed up well until the Muscatine game, when, perhaps, you lost a little confidence in the team from which you expected much. Cheer up! The defeat on December 4 has done more for basket ball at Hope than all previous victories. It taught us a lesson that was needed. You see the point, don't you? And for the benefit of those who entertain any doubts about the merits of this year's team, we would confidently promise stronger, faster playing than the new gymnasium has ever seen. Our players are experienced. Their team work is good. With our friendly rivals, Zeeland and Grand Rapids, for opponents, the team will demonstrate to your satisfaction their superior ability. A series of three games with Zeeland during the winter term!!

But did you tell your friends about our athletic association? It is an institution of which we are justly proud. Graft

and financial embarrassment, so common to many other schools, are unknown at Hope. We have even declined to accept the fifty dollars which our council generously offers us each year. This is due largely to our systematic organization. Our athletics are all conducted in a business-like manner. And the entire management is exclusively in the hands of the students who are members of the organization. The number of those who have paid the fee of seventy-five cents is about eighty.

This association is responsible for the increasing interest in sports at Hope. To encourage greater enthusiastic effort, last year it awarded the members of the basket ball team sweater-vests and "H's." Ten members of the football squad are wearing "H's." Eight were awarded jerseys. This experiment has proven satisfactory. We are making progress, even though intercollegiate sports do not spur us on as they do our sister colleges.

Gymnasium classes for both girls and boys are being regularly attended. Every afternoon basket ball aspirants may be seen on the floor trying to make the second and third teams. The first team will continue to practice every day under the supervision of our efficient coach, Geo. De Kruif.

LOCALS.

1908.

Alas!

Whew!

Skating?

Big heads.

Small heads.

Almost forgot—

Happy New Year!

Read all the Anchor ads

In this, the Fraternal Number.

I have a whole lot of new clothes in my trunk.

Wonder what Gebhard has been doing with himself to spend vacation time?

Bubo—poor Bubo! He ventured out on an excursion with Renskers during the Christmas vacation, with the result that Bubo is still with the circus and doing remarkable stunts.

He'll soon tire of it and be back in the fold of "simplicity and warmth."

Gebhard thinks it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Puzzle: Why don't Commissary Dimment and his noble aid-de-camp, Muller, eat what they buy for others? They give the "Dorm" an awful wide berth.

Vruwink and his maid are doing very nicely under the able tutorship of jolly old Jim.

Brother Teunis is developing wonderfully in psychology, matrimony and box bowling.

Bessie G— had forgotten about her appointment for the evening.

One of the Girls—"Bessie, some one is waiting for you downstairs."

Bessie—"Tell him if its important I'll come down."

And poor Frank wondered, waited and went.

An extract from Vander Schaaf's letter from Iowa:

"And I sincerely thank you, dear, for the best token of your love as expressed in the beautiful ring which I received yesterday. With much love, as ever,

"From your affectionate

ADA."

Prof. Raap:—"Where is Van Westenburg?"

John Dykstra (looking out of the window)—"There he goes now to get his coffee, professor."

Ethel Vanden B.—"What are we most likely to be examined in, professor?"

Prof. McLaren—"On all the most important parts of the book."

Professor Nykerk, upon receiving a letter at the door, exclaimed: "I've never read a more sublime piece of literature."

Pete Pleune, at breakfast at the "Dorm."—"What kind of hash do we get this morning?"

The Waiter—"The 'worst' is yet to come," whereupon he brought in the sausage.

Teunis—"I know something about you."

Gus—"Who told you?"

Teunis—"Oh!—a little bird."

The father asked: "How have you done in mastering ancient lore?"

"I did so well," replied the son, "they gave me an encore.
The faculty like me and hold me so dear
They make me repeat my Freshman year."

"The New Year is ringing in,
May he be bringing in
The good times we've waited for so long in vain!"
Without the demanding,
All rise and drink standing,
And so say we all of us again and again.

Schwitters applied for a job during vacation. The boss quizzed him a bit.

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"
"Sure I do," replied Schwitters.
"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"
"Of course I do," he answered.
"Well, how do you do it?"
"Why, I'd poke my finger in his eye!"

Iky hiky
O'er the piky
To Re(i)ky.

Lavan—"Grand Rapids is all right."

Dykema—"Chicago is all right, too, every day in the union."

Gebhard—"George, quit your fooling."

De Kruif still disturbing him.

Gebhard—"Cut it out; you are worse than a New Jersey mosquito."

Want Ads.

Prof. Nykerk—A new cane.

Geo. De Young—A hostler to attend a large stock of ponies.

Van Single—A treatise on the rules of etiquette.

Vander Schaaf—An edition of "Peck's Bad Boy."

Dykstra, J. D.—A rest and some sleep.

Doc Vis—Some muscle.

Blekkink—A fat fairy or a fair fatty.

Vis—"Professor, may I cause the window to descend?
The snow is seeking my neck."

Prof. Sutphen—"Well, yes, if it will put anything into your head."

Plasman—"Fares, please. Say, fellow, where is your ticket?"

Traveler—"My face is my ticket."

Plasman—"Well, I have orders to punch all tickets."

Question Answered for Vruwink.

Should you ask me, "Where's tobacco
For my imitation meerschaum?"
I would answer, I would tell you
"You will find the brand you're using,
You will find some Duke's or Durham.
You will find the German Knaster,
You will find the cool Tuxedo,
Or the cheering, soothing Plowboy.
In the Van Vleck Building down stairs,
In the room that faces southeast—
'Tis the home of Music Lovers,
'Tis the home of John the leghorn,
'Tis the home of Jim the basso."

Vander Laan—"I could sit here and listen **all night** if you are playing."

Bata—"That's just what I was thinking."

Pasma—"What have they in the cities for recreation?"

Vis—"Hospitals."

Hank—"Say, Teunis, do you expect to attend the next basket ball game doubled up?"

Teunis—"Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'"

No wonder the Seniors had a hard pull in Ethics, for on the fly leaf of the professor's book were written these lines:

"If in this book you look for knowledge,

Go to Kazoo, but not to college."

Freshman (after the Bible examination)—"We suffer ourselves to be happy."

With a happy heart Vander Schaaf wandered to Delphi to consult the oracle, but oh, horrors! the reply was so ambiguous.

Freshie—"Professor, why is it that a nuthatch usually climbs down a tree instead of up, like a woodpecker?"

Professor—"Who knows?" (No answer).

Professor—"Why, because it's easier."

Prof. Dimment—"In what mood and tense would you place the verb 'to love'?"

Harvey—"Future optative."

Professor—"Why?"

Harvey—"Because it is something that remains to be hoped for."

New Year's Resolutions.

Vander Schaaf—"I am going to cut out all girls and get down to work."

Vander Laan—"No more song services for me at the 'Dorm.'"

De Motts—"I resolve to capture at least one maid in the year 1908."

De Kraker—"1908 and the simple life for me."

Van Westenburg—"From now on morning coffee only twice a week."

Geo. De Kruif—"No more basements for me when foot-steps approach."

Everybody—"Sink or swim, survive or perish, live or die, flush or broke, C or E, rain or shine, we'll be happy all the time."

Songsters and Their Favorite Songs.

Gouwens—"Love Me and the World is Mine."

De Kraker—"The Girls of Holland."

Plasman—"Rambling Rose."

Jas. Dykema—"Say, Sis, Give Me a Kiss."

Pete Pleune—"Somebody's Waiting For You."

Henry Vruwink—"The Moon Has His Eyes on You."

Geo. Roost—"The Brain Storm."

Blekkink—"Smuggle To Me Closer."

Jno. Dykstra—"Dill Pickles."

Van Houten—"Grace—"Tis a Charming Sound."

Joe Dykstra—"Cheer Up, Bessie."

Anna Schuelke—"Won't You Come Over to My House?"

Estelle—"Could You Read My Very Heart."

Theo. Thurber—"Somebody's Sweetheart I Want To Be."

Pasma and Vis—"Two Little Sailor Boys."

Prof. Nykerk—"Carmen."

Geo. De Kruif—"Waiting at the Church."

Co-eds, do not forget that it is leap-year.

Flossie—"Would you enjoy a cup of (t)ea?"

Slicky—"Thank you! but I prefer the next letter."

Prof. Nykerk says, "Grace is a beautiful necessity." Little Abe and Jonas Meyer, the itinerant pedagogue, heartily voice his sentiment.

From authentic statistics it is ascertained that love affairs between the ages of 15 and 19 are not of a very serious nature.

Take notice! Frank Kleinheksel, Tony Van der Hall, Art. Schaefer, Johnnie Hyma, Geo. Roost, Art Meisner and Neal Muste.

Wynand—"What did your father say, when you told him that my love for you is as strong as a rushing river?"

Alyda—"Dam it."

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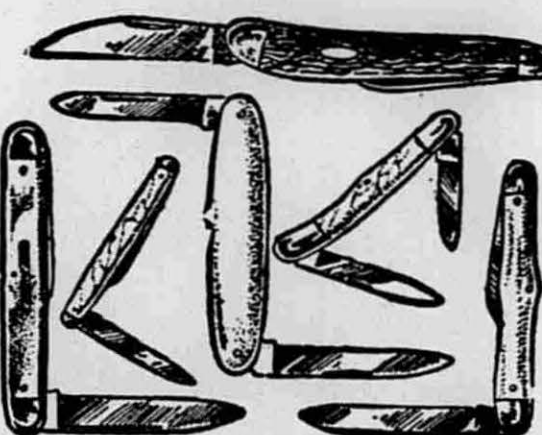
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Pocket Knives - - - 25c to \$2.00

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The reason? Why its simply a business proposition. While the greater part of winter is still ahead of us our time for selling is getting short.

We'll soon have to be thinking of "spring things " We'll want room—and besides, we never carry over stock from season to season. Its poor policy.

We'll Take Our Loss Now !

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